THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE HUNTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. HEMSTEAD.

The hunter comes when the ardentest frame
Through the fiery rolls of its nervously dance,
When from cloud of the sun the heat kindles,
And the eagle's instinct through the gloom descends.

O'er the trembling sward where the sun-flower creeps,
And the cattle-herd in the shade are lying,
And the dark system tangles like iron-grass too,
Too any much to step on the quicker sense?

Too may hear his lure, at the purple noon,
Through the noisless trouble on the deer while lurks,
For the path of the hostile is wild and lone,
And a scare of the fearless hunt is he.

He dashes at night on the lonely height,
By the shepherd's fires of the distant low fold;
He and the dog and his couch the ground,
And the heaven is his roof, and the stars are bright.

The night-birds cave, the fir-tops wave,
But the heart of the hunter is bold and brave;
He hath lived in high communion,
And the sweeping shadow of the mountain vast.

The hunter wakes ere the morning breaks
In a shower of gold on the dripping brake;
To may much his form 'mid the dew-webs,
Ere the sun hath beat through the brumbly haven.

Afar, away through the forest gray,
When the waterfall laughs like a child at play,
And the pebbles gurgle by the fountain's brim,
For a sense of the hunter's heart is he.

TOO YOUNG TO LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY RICHARD COE, Esq.

I know a maiden, wondrous fair,
With bonied eyes and dark brown hair,
And dimple in her chin;
Her voice is sweeter than the early robin,
In truth her features all combine
To make her beauty queen.

Many an indolent, dandified coxcomb
Is driven some time before breakfast every morning to
the plants.

"What is nothing to healthy," continued Mr. Elton, "the English women are a great deal in their gardens, and it is said that that is one reason why they are so very modest. I wish I could see you looking a little more healthy."

Whilst her husband read the newspapers every morning, through the light of the window among the plants; but as the watering pot was very large and heavy, she invariably watered her own feet at the same time, and came in from the little Paradise very hot, and her white dress covered with caterpillars. Every body knows that the common caterpillar, resting from its labors, is very fond of getting into the dress of a pretty little lady, and the more she frets and shakes herself the more they seem to like it. Mary, however, in the simplicity of her heart, was not aware of this, and therefore she spent in the society of the enlightened Swiss "County Tyrone," the children were in the street, except Lovejoy, who was fond of their morning ups, when children climb upon every thing, cry for every thing, and throw every thing into the fire or down the well. When the children were not playing were in some progress, Mrs. Elton having put the baby to sleep, and picked up all the chins he had dropped during the day, and all the other articles which had been given him to stow over the floor by way of keeping him quiet, went in search of the children. If they had been in the house or out in front, they were made to spell; if not, they were let alone. This state of things went on for three months, and as I was most anxious to get my children to school, to "get them out of the way," as American mothers say,

Then the news began again, and talk about "scarcity of business."

The fact is, that in this country, in families of small or even moderate means, the women are ever worked. We have all heard of such things a cooks, housemaids and nurses. We also know perfectly well what the words competitions and tenderness. In Europe, each one of these capacities is said to require a separate person; whether it does it happen then, that so many American women unite all these in their own persons? We have accused in America of the "manufacturing" disposition of the people. The English expression, *wanting all work*, comes nearest to it.

And yet men, with a sort of romantic elevation, do not understand them things. Perhaps the following little sketch will explain our meaning.

Mr. Elton was just returned from a two years cruise in the Mediterranean. He had left his wife and children with his mother in-law during his absence, and was now warmly welcomed by all. There was much to tell, and much to tell on both sides, and it was some weeks before anything like the past could be spoken of. But when this excitement began to subside, bright visions of housekeeping observed the heart of both man and wife, and many were the plans proposed by him, and overcome to by her.

Let us listen to some of it.

"We shall not have a great deal of money, Mary, but we shall be very happy. Wealth is not happiness, you know."

Mary had an idea that *some* money was necessary to comfort, at least; she also thought that comfort was one of the ingredients of happiness; but she was of a timid disposition, and she did not say so.

"We shall require a good house," continued Mr. Elton, "a very small one will be sufficient for myself and you know."

"Would not a small one be better. Servants' wages will cost us a great deal more, I am afraid."

"Oh, nothing at all; servants eat, great plagues every body says so. There is a Spanish proverb which says, speaking of an enemy: 'May he have many servants.' If the Spaniards find them so very troublesome, how can we hope for a better fate. I am determined against many servants."

Mary was young and easily persuaded. She assented.

"We can't cost much any of the children to school; you can easily teach the elder some to read. You will have nothing to do, you know, and that will be a delightful occupation for you. Remember what Thompson says,

"'Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.'"

"Two hours a day will be sufficient for them both."

"I am afraid Harry is beyond me. I tried to teach him last summer, but he would not pay me the slightest attention. I'm afraid though he may be better now; when you are at home."

"No doubt he will, and we shall have a delight ful house. It will stand in its own ground, and we are not shall sing to me. By-the-by, don't forget to buy a cookery book when you go out next—you will find it invaluable. I shall not be able to afford an expensive cook, and you will not object to supply various little deficiencies. An economical housekeeper is an excellent thing."

Mary was about an ignorant of cooking as she was of dog building. This part of the conversation was, therefore, to sup the least, not agreeable; so she changed the subject, and asked,

"Are you determined upon not sending Harry and Elizabeth to school?"

"By all means; think how cheerful they will make the house. They are old enough to be companions to you, now."

"I wish Harry would get over that dreadful habit he has of killing flies."

"Fie! fie! you naughty sweet thing—children will be children."

"But it is so unsightly sweet."

"All boys are so; I was the same myself, and I am sure I am no Nero, now."

"No, I am sure you are not."

"Then you love me, dear Mary, that I had to say to you." I should so much like to see you always dressed in white—a woman never looks so well as in white muslin. This, my dear, is my only weakness—and from meeting till night—if you wish to please me, let me never see you in anything else.

In a few weeks, after innumerable plans and consultations, cards and gossip, after Mr. Elton and his wife had agreed that the latter was the person of the most laborious tasks, and to be an angel of sweetness and good humour within the new mansion was taken and furnished. It was a much larger house than the circles of the family required; but that is the American custom. A very large sum of money was expended upon the furniture, and that very little remained for housekeeping expenses; but that is the American custom, too. A servant girl and married from Ireland in a state of semi-barbarism, but very good-natured, was engaged at low wages, to perform the various household offices, the extent of which she had never even heard. Mary found, as many have found better her, that it was easier to do almost everything herself than to make the helpless attempts to teach the helpless of our country to her New Zealander. But in so doing the plans was abandoned, and her daughter neglected.

One morning Mr. Elton came in with some plants.

"Here, Mary, are what I have bought you. A fine collection of roots; I will plant them in the beds. If you will attend to them every morning, they will soon grow into trees. I wish I could see you looking a little more healthy."

Whilst her husband read the newspapers every morning, through the light of the window among the plants; but as the watering pot was very large and heavy, she invariably watered her own feet at the same time, and came in from the little Paradise very hot, and her white dress covered with caterpillars. Every body knows that the common caterpillar, resting from its labors, is very fond of getting into the dress of a pretty little lady, and the more she frets and shakes herself the more they seem to like it. Mary, however, in the simplicity of her heart, was not aware of this, and therefore she spent in the society of the enlightened Swiss "County Tyrone," the children were in the street, except Lovejoy, who was fond of their morning ups, when children climb upon every thing, cry for every thing, and throw every thing into the fire or down the well. When the children were not playing were in some progress, Mrs. Elton having put the baby to sleep, and picked up all the chins he had dropped during the day, and all the other articles which had been given him to stow over the floor by way of keeping him quiet, went in search of the children. If they had been in the house or out in front, they were made to spell; if not, they were let alone. This state of things went on for three months, and as I was most anxious to get my children to school, to "get them out of the way," as American mothers say,

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Original Sketch.

MAIDS OF ALL WORK.
A Domestic Sketch.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNA FLEMING.

Women's love of dress is a universal theme of man's admiration. Moral lessons devoted to the consumption of time, and reading does not seem to have abandoned hundred years society, ever since children were worn at all. Popular writers, too numerous, of the present day, have all united in a chime a war of extermination against all unnecessary articles of female apparel. The shops where such things are sold, have been denounced as worse than if they were so many deep and dangerous gulfs, into which we are said to plunge headlong, regardless of the consequences. Women have been held themselves and shawls, to the utter ruin of husbands and fathers.

This severity may be merited in Europe, it no doubt is, but the case, (with some exceptions, of course,) is different in America. For a few years, very young girls do dash out somewhat extravagant in their dress, and endeavour, by the work of their hands, to heighten the effect of their charms; but it soon passes away; the mere novelty of a new article of dress, how generally do we see them gradually becoming utterly careless of their appearance.

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Portrait Gallery.

HALF-LENGTHS IN OUTLINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A. LYNDER.

MR. BRAY.

Mr. Bray is a man who would at any time rather quick his own throat than commit suicide, runs small at a fever. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to call himself a "white liver"—we believe it was Sir Joshua—but Mr. Bray is another sort of a person altogether.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Bray!" said a bland, long chest, meeting him on Chesnut street.

"Good morning, sir; how are you?"

"Very well. I've just been looking at something very beautiful, in Robinson's windows."

"Painting?"

"Yes. Have you seen it?"

"I have." Mr. Bray spoke indifferently.

"It's a splendid piece of work. Don't you think so?"

"A bad sky—very bad! Cold as winter."

"But the whole effect of the picture is grand. Did you ever see such an atmosphere? And such a foliage. You can almost see the leaves fluttering in the wind."

"The trunk of a tree on the right, looks as stiff and formal as a sign-post. It spoils the whole picture."

"You don't like it then, Mr. Bray."

"There are some good points in it; but it is full of faults."

"I must confess that I did not notice any, I was so pleased with the whole composition."

"Oh, yes! It is full of them. The artist has some merit, and his picture some fine points. As a whole, the effect is passable, but the detail is bad. There isn't a single part that is not amenable to criticism."

The friend, on separating from Mr. Bray, entertained a high regard for his taste, and quite a poor opinion of his own that could perceive beauty in a composition so full of defects.

"Mr. S——— is a fine speaker," remarked an acquaintance, after hearing the orator, who, having listened to a very eloquent discourse from a minister of some celebrity.

"Yes, but he has his faults."

"I was so much interested that I did not notice his faults. Didn't you think that passage, in which he described the love of a good wife to be a beautiful sunset, a most exquisite piece of painting."

"It contained two false metaphors," returned Mr. Bray, with a slight expression of contempt in his manner. "I was completely astonished to hear a man of his reputation, make such blunders. Depend upon it, he is a superficial."

"But, Mr. Bray, didn't you think the whole description a perfect masterpiece?"

"I thought it rather common-place. The idea is as old as the hills. Every poet and preacher that has written or spoken in the last fifty years, has made use of it."

"What did you think of his argument to prove that man's soul is immortal?"

"It contained some fine language, but not an original idea. All that I have heard, ever and ever so often."

"Then the sermon was a perfect failure in your estimation?"

"No, not altogether. Mr. S——— doubtless has talents, and is quite a fine speaker. Though certainly much overrated. You remember his comparison between Shakespeare and Milton?"

"Very well."

"That was certainly very fine—very fine indeed! And if original, would be entitled to the praise of performance. But it strikes me that I have heard or seen it before. I must try if I cannot find it in Heath. If it is there."

"You are a close critic, Mr. Bray."

"Oh, no! Not at all. I enjoy beauties as well as any one, when presented to me; but I cannot like what I've already gone through."

"A beautiful creature! See how lightly she moves through that cotillion, a very sylph for airy grace. A rare and sweet flower that, Mr. Bray to wander hither in search of love."

"I cannot say that I altogether admire her beauty," returned Mr. Bray, a little coldly. "I don't like that vacant mind, that has not a thought a countenance sink into repose, not only light up with expression when there is something to express. But Flora's face is forever in a womb of smiles."

"Oh, no, not always."

"Look at her now."

"But she is dancing, and all her happiest feelings are excited. It would be strange if her face were not lit up now."

"It's always so," returned Mr. Bray, positively. "I never saw her in my life that she was not grinning. To me such faces are intolerable. And more than that, she can't sit still a minute; she is forever in motion."

"I think her very beautiful."

"I know she is called beautiful. But I most assuredly never was much struck by her style of beauty. She wears her hair abominable."

"It curls naturally. I like to see a young girl's hair in a mass of glossy curls. You certainly don't dislike curls, Mr. Bray?"

"Oh, no. On the contrary, I admire curls. But not in little curl-screws such as I've seen, not like to see three or four large ones on each side of the face."

"Like shavings from under a plane."

"Yes, if you will; but not like shaving-matches or cork screws."

"She certainly has a form of exquisite proportions, Mr. Bray."

"There I must again differ with you. I never like to see a woman vary in the least from the standard of just proportions given in the Venus de Medici. Her head is too full and heavy, too, a trifle too large, and her limbs too tall and lumpy, too, a trifle clumsy. You can almost see the bones fattening in the wind."

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"Then it seems you differ from the general estimation in which Flora is held?"

"Yes—to some extent. She is not ugly. I don't say that. But I will even admit her beauty; but it is by no means perfect."

Mr. Bray had a daughter who, by actual measurement, approached as near to, in a form, the height of the Venus de Medici. But that did not make her a paragon of grace and beauty, by any means. No one ever felt like complimenting her upon the symmetry of the ancient statue; and as to the pale, spare face and pinched features, her hair displayed a remarkable antipathy to the curling iron.

Shew Mr. Bray a fancy portrait that to you is faultless, and he will detect a slight obliquity in eye or nose, a want of harmony in the tone of a color, a lack of drawing. He was once asked his opinion of a fine model of the Venus de Medici, his been ideal beauty, and he answered that it was an attempt at a Venus by a young sculptor of great promise. After looking at it from every possible position, sometimes with one eye shut, sometimes with both open, he gravely pronounced the figure to be "rather deficient." And upon the words, "an artist, indeed!" And then the assumed friend was added by a particular criticism upon the entire performance. After this he had been prosecuted quite unmercifully, and just in that which of time, another picture came in, and after making a few remarks on the statue, spoke of it as a most admirable copy of the Medician Venus. To this Mr. Bray at once objected.

"Oh, but," said the artist, politely, "it is a copy, made in Florence, by a young American sculptor, and is said to be exact."

Mr. Bray, when he had once pronounced his opinion on any subject, was as immovable as a statue; and could sometimes recount and perceive the force of arguments against it as well.

"The Venus de Medici," he said, drawing himself up with an air of importance, and speaking orotundly, "is at least an inch and a half higher, and more delicate in all its proportions. I have seen the exquisite copies in London."

The owner of the statue was now relieved to. He was called in from an adjoining room.

"What Venus is this?" asked Mr. Bray, eagerly, and with anticipated triumph in his voice.

"It is the Venus de Medici," was replied with a bow and a smile.

"Oh, no. That cannot be," returned Mr. Bray, gravely. "The Medician Venus is at least an inch taller, and for symmetrical delicacy, wins hands down."

"I believe this to be true to the original," quietly returned the owner. "At least it ought to be. It is the work of an eminent sculptor, and was, I believe, while casting it, had daily access to the Florentine gallery. But I think I have the proportions of the original right."

The owner turned to a table, and opened a work on art, filled with exquisitely engraved specimens of the statue of the Medician Venus, and pointed to a contained an admirable drawing of the Venus de Medici, and also a full description, with accurately marked proportions. The application of a rule, soon satisfied Mr. Bray that, in height and breadth between the shoulders, the copy was accurate to a line.

The dogmatic connoisseur was considerably disheartened at this; but he continued, stoutly, that there was something about the statue that insulted it as a very defective piece of work, and declared, finally, when pressed to the last extremity, that it was more like a Indian figure than the Medician Venus! And left his establishment in a huff.

He had been caught in a trap, but he never forgot nor forgave those who laid it for him. He is rather more careful how he talks before men who are likely to know something about matters and things in discussion. But with women, of whose intellect he has a very poor opinion, he still shews off finely.

Who does not know Mr. Bray?

Selected Poetry.

A MOTHER'S MEMORIES.

BY FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

The bloomer long again upon the tree,
And the sweet flowers are springing as before,
But oh! the change that passing years have wrought
Upon the heart that loved them once of yore!

The bloomer long again upon the tree,
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But oh! the change that passing years have wrought
Upon the heart that loved them once of yore!

Where is the boy, who, with a joyous shout,
Would run and pull the first ripe fruit for me?
Where is the girl, who peeped the leaves about,
To find the blossoms for her mother's tree?

Where is the boy, who, with a joyous shout,
Would run and pull the first ripe fruit for me?
Where is the girl, who peeped the leaves about,
To find the blossoms for her mother's tree?

Alas! alas! for all the broken ties
That death has rent asunder in my home!
Alas! alas! for all the broken ties
That death has rent asunder in my home!

Alas! alas! for all the broken ties
That death has rent asunder in my home!
Alas! alas! for all the broken ties
That death has rent asunder in my home!

Yet, blessed be the memories that live
In my full heart, and keep my spirit free
From bitterness, and teach me to forgive
Even as I hope forgiveness unto me!

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In my full heart, and keep my spirit free
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Pictures of Life.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS. RELIGIOUS DELUSIONS, AND WITCHCRAFT.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

In a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Mark Phillips, De Cambrai, published in 1841 a very interesting account is given of two young women who had lain for months or years in a state of religious somnambulism. Their condition, when they were exhibited, appears to have been that of half-waking trance, in which many of the higher faculties took a form of trance-sleep. To increase the force of the scene, they appear to have exhibited some degree of somnambulic power, and to have, without this, the more aspect of such persons is wonderfully impressing. If the pure spirit of Christianity finds a bright counterpart in the Madonna of Raffaelle, and Cherubim of Raffaelle, it seems to shine out in still more truthful vividness from the face of these young women. The hands are usually folded or clasped in prayer,—the uptorned eyes,—the expression of humble confidence and seraphic hope, (despite of the ravages, as a beautiful form, that constitute a picture of which, having witnessed it, I can never forget the force. Yet I knew it was only a bright counterpart of the Madonna of Raffaelle built by common mechanics. Yet when we look upon the Madonna, we cannot help feeling that there is the clump of trees rising over each hamlet, or over the distant city its minster tower,—the image feels its connection with our feelings, and rises to aid in establishing the graciousness and the truth of the sentiment and the faith which have reared such a magnificent temple.

In the two cases mentioned in Lord Shrewsbury's pamphlet, it is, however, painful to observe that there was a something of the earth, earthy, to be found in the service of Catholicism. The poor women bore on their hands and feet wounds, the supposed spontaneous appearance of the stigmata. During the period of the discourse, first one, then another, would fall down; some described themselves after-wards as having fell into a weakness and trembling through the whole frame, and an impulse to yawn and stretch their arms, then they fell convulsed and foaming at the mouth. Others carried the contagion home with them, and first experienced its effects, days, weeks, months afterwards. They believed—for in it wonderful they did so—that they had received the Holy Ghost.

Not less curious were the accounts of the Convulsionnaires at the grave of the Abbe Paris, in the year 1737. These Jansenist visionaries used to collect in the church-yard of St. Medard, round the grave of the deposed and deceased Deacon, and before long the reputation of the place for working miracles getting about, they fell in troops into convulsions.

Their piety had more analogy to that of the Jews also already described. But it was different. They required, to gratify an intensely impulse or feeling, that most violent blows should be dealt upon them at the pit of the stomach. Came de Mesnigue—one mentions that being himself an enthusiast in the matter, he had inflicted the blows required with an iron instrument, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, with inward heed. And as a convulsionist lady complained that he struck too lightly to relieve the feeling of depression, he laid on more heavily, and was only heavy with all his force. It would not do, and she begged to have the instrument used by a tall, strong man, who stood by in the crowd. The experiment tended to the conviction that he had been enormous; for she received one hundred blows, delivered with such force that the wall shook behind her. She thanked the man for his kind treatment, and contemptuously corrected De Mesnigue for his weakness, or want of faith and timidity. It was, indeed, time for issuing the mandate, which, as wit read it, ran:

"De par le roi—Defense a Dieu,
De faire miracles en lieu."

Turn we now to another subject—the possessed in the middle ages. What was their physiological condition? What actually went on in the bodies of the possessed. I mean, what were the symptoms of the affection, and how are they properly to be explained? The inquiry will throw further light on the true relations of other phenomena we have already looked at.

We remember that Swedenborg said that he was in constant communication with the spiritual world; but felt convinced, and avowed, that though he saw his interlocutors and heard their voices, he only reached him first inwardly, and communicated with his understanding; and these consciously, and outwardly, and in the senses. But it would be a subject of the utmost interest for any one fully qualified to see from the projections of their age? Yet they did interest.

At Lindisfarn, Heart reports, on one occasion six persons were implicated in a charge of having distressed the wife of a child in such a witchcraft. As they happened to be innocent of the deed, they were, with the most cruel torture before they would indge to confess it. Though they were finally put to pain was to admit the crime, and be simply barred alive and burn it ever. So they did so. But the accused of one of these persons on official examination of the grave; when the child's body was found in its coffin safe and sound. What said the Tinne does not present the permanently hazy characteristics of Europe a seizure, which was called the wehrwolfsucht. Those affected with it held themselves to be wild beasts, and conducted themselves to the forests. One of them, who was brought before Du Lance, at Bordeaux, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was a large, robust man, of Beaucon. He avowed himself to be tombsman of the forest lord, his invisible master. He declared that through the power of his master, he had been transformed into a wolf; that he hunted in the forest as such, and that he was often accompanied by a black wolf, whom he respected to be the master he served—with more details of the same kind. The accused offered other proofs of having been cut away he camp meetings, and from fifty to a hundred saplings were left, beast high, on purpose for the magic power were pulled to hold by. I observed where they had held on, they had kicked up the earth, as a horse stamping flies.

Every one has heard of the extraordinary scenes which took place in the Cevennes at the close of the seventeenth century.

It was towards the end of the year 1688 a report was first heard, of a gift of prophecy which had shown itself among the persecuted followers of the Reformation, who, in the south of France, had taken themselves to the mountains The first instance was said to have occurred in the family of a glass-dealer, of the name of De Serre, well known as the most zealous Calvinist of the neighborhood, which was at a solitary spot in Dauphine, near Mount Peyra. In the emerging circle of enthusiasm, Gabriel Astier and Isabella Vincent made themselves first conspicuous. Isabella, a girl of sixteen years of age, from Dauphine, who was in the service of a peasant, and tended sheep, began in her sleep to preach and prophesy, and the forbearers came from far and near to hear her. An old woman, of the name of Gerlan, describes the following scene which he had witnessed. At his request she had admitted him, and a great many others, after midnight, to a meeting at a Chateau in the neighborhood. She there disposed herself upon a bed, shut her eyes, and went to sleep; in her sleep she began to utter in turn the Commandments and a psalm; after a short respite she began to preach in a louder voice, not in her own dialect, but in good French, which neither she had not used. The theme was an exhortation to sleep God rather than man. Some persons spoke so quickly as to be hardly intelligible. At certain of her pauses she stopped to collect herself. She accompanied her words with gesticulations. Gerlan found her pulse quiet, her arm not rigid, but relaxed, as natural. After an interval her countenance put on a sweeping expression, and she began to utter her exhortation, which was now mixed with ironical reflections upon the Church of Rome. She then suddenly stopped, continuing asleep. In one case she uttered her. When her arms were lifted and let go, they dropped unconsciously. As no real new were swept, whom her silence rendered impatient, she said in a low tone, but just as if she was awake, "Why do you go away? Why do not you wait till I am ready?" And then she delivered another ironical discourse against the Catholic Church, which she closed with a prayer.

When Roussel, the incendiary of the district, heard of the performances of Isabella Vincent, he had her brought before him. She replied to his interrogations, that people had often told her that she preached in her sleep, but that she did not herself believe a word of it. As the slightness of her person made her appear younger than she really was, the intendant merely sent her to an hospital at Grenoble, where, understanding that she was visited by persons of the Reformed persuasion, there was an end of her preaching,—she became a Catholic!

Isabella Astier, who had been a prophetess likewise from Dauphine, went on the capacity of a preacher and prophet into the valley of Bruzac, in the Cevennes. She had inherited his beauty, his father, mother, elder brother, and sweetheart, followed his example, and took to prophesying. Gabriel, before he marched, took to fall into a kind of stupor in which he lay rigid. After delivering his sermon, he would harangue his audience with a kiss, and the words "My brother, or my sister, I am sent to you by the Holy Ghost." Many believed that they had thus received the Holy Ghost from Astier, and began with the same sermons. During the period of the discourse, first one, then another, would fall down; some described themselves afterwards as having fell into a weakness and trembling through the whole frame, and an impulse to yawn and stretch their arms, then they fell convulsed and foaming at the mouth. Others carried the contagion home with them, and first experienced its effects, days, weeks, months afterwards. They believed—for in it wonderful they did so—that they had received the Holy Ghost.

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The superstition of witchcraft stretches back into remote antiquity, and has many roots. In Europe that the most violent blows should be delivered with the fist, the open palm, or the knee, and not with the fist, or with the feet, or with the head, or with the elbow, or with the shoulder, or with the back, or with the belly, or with the thighs, or with the legs

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSEN, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869.

Single copies $5 per annum in advance. $3 if sold in subscription.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent one year. To Clubs we make the following liberal offers:

4 COPIES,	$15.00 PER ANNUM.
8 "	$10.00 " "
13 "	$20.00 " "
19 "	$30.00 " "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

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For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine;" for four dollars, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Fireside;" a splendid New Journal, for one.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or one copy of Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Sears' Pictorial Magazine—or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Fireside." For $6—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "The Fireside," for 1867, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by avoiding themselves of the above mode of remittance, when at all convenient. Being entirely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers in the West and South-West are respectfully informed, that they probably will be visited by our agents in the course of one or two months, and we trust they will be prepared to settle with them.

E. Y. Jennings is going through Illinois Iowa, Michigan and Missouri. J. T. Dent, through Missouri; James R Smith and Thomas G Smith, through Indiana; and C. W. James and Frederick J. Hawes, through Ohio.

Of course the above notice is not intended to prevent those of our subscribers in the above States, who may prefer remitting direct, by mail, from doing so. On the contrary, we would much prefer their remitting in the amounts due us *promptly as they would thereby save the heavy per centage which have to pay our agents for the trouble and expense of collecting.*

ANOTHER ROGUE.

The Post Master at Cadiz, Ky., writes that, on the 16th of last month, an individual passed through that place, calling himself J A Pearce, and representing himself to be an authorized agent of the Post and various other papers and Magazines. By pretending to our list of agents, printed every week on the third page of our paper, people may see at a glance that we have no agent of that name. This may serve to *rope a word as a man of "science my fair* high, third bear, blue eyes, with a pleasant country *a fine set of white teeth, and appears to be from 30 to 35 years old."*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAW MARK KANE.—We have not yet had time to peruse this essay.

FUNNY TEXT. Some verses of this genus are delicate. If they can be readily altered, we will do so, and publish it.

BELL. "A Reply to Hyperion," and "God Made Me," are accepted. We will comply with the author's request.

TO GRACE GREENWOOD. We will endeavor to find room for Flora May's poem next week.

UNKNOWN. "Lucinda's" poem we respectfully decline.

ANONYMOUS. "I would I were Intelligent," "The Widow's Benefit," and "To Leona."

INTERRED. Notices of several other communications on hand, are deferred.

LAWYERS AND WITNESSES

At the conclusion of a recent trial in this city for the attempted murder of the Court, a witness rushed across one of the seats occupied in the trial, and inflicted severe injuries upon him. The assailant was immediately taken into custody, and the next day ordered to find bail in the amount of five thousand dollars.

We know nothing personally as to the particulars of the above case; the amount of provocation that the lawyer had given to the witness, (though it is reported to have been very great) but we think it a fitting opportunity to make a few remarks upon the general conduct of members of the bar towards witnesses. Many, if not most lawyers, seem to imagine that while they are engaged in a suit, they are absolved from the observance of the usual courtesies of life, and that they are at full liberty to browbeat and insult every one who has been summoned to give in his evidence upon the occasion. Now to what end he more disgraceful than this? To no such a man has the opportunity of replying, to these assertions upon his integrity, to insult him, to make him appear in a fool; if perjurer, in order to discredit his testimony and win the suit without its merit. We say these things are done continually in our Courts, and we know that reprehensible men men of unquestioned probity and honor, and "who feel a stain like a wound," are liable to be thus insulted every day of their lives.

At this very trial, if we are not wrongly informed, the most craven and contemptible abuse was lavished upon a whole class of respectable and honorable Merchants. A correspondent of the North American says that the charges made were of the grossest character, and expressed in phrases of the worst description, so that a stranger unacquainted to the license of the bar, might have supposed himself in the midst of a community of thieves and reconciled."

It is not to be supposed that men of high spirit will be satisfied with the apology that "such is the custom in Courts," or that they will esteem an insult less an insult, because it is uttered in the presence of laughing bystanders, and because one of the unanimated authorities of the land. But what remedy have they? If we are rightly informed, no legal remedy.

Now, we are not friends of club law, and therefore at that we demand that the Judges of our Courts shall restrain these cowardly slanderers who infest the sacred precincts of the Temple of Justice. The Judges, we must have the power to do so and they, therefore, are responsible for such cowards, and the outrages to which they naturally give rise. Let them do their duty or guarantee to every person sworn by protecting witnesses from the most unjust and cruel treatment at the hands of counsels—so that it SHALL be thought perfectly safe for the only place where a man may slander, defame and vilify his fellow citizens with impunity is the Hall of Justice—and we stand for it, the witnesses will be have themselves with propriety.

WATER VERSUS OIL.

It is stated that by a recent confirmation, water can be substituted for oil, to relieve friction in the action of machinery, the axles and wheels of cars, carriages, &c. It was tried by an experimental trip between Jersey City and Elizabethport, and found to work very well. The apparatus was attached to the bottom of two of the car wheels, so that the cups came in contact with the axles, when they revolve, were kept continually wet with cold water. By this contrivance, and an anti-attrition composition, by which the water is kept cool, all the advantages of oil, it is claimed by the inventors, are attained at a saving of one-sixth in the expense, the difference being all at once a gallon of and water next to nothing. If this invention be half of what it is claimed to be, it will be a great saving to the proprietors of all retail channels where machinery is used. The expense of oil alone, on the Reading Railroad, in 1868, was $38,312 in $5,673 gallons besides some $4,000 worth of grease and tallow, all used on the axles of the car wheels.

MARRIED.

On the 27th ult., in this city, Mr. Emerson Bennett, late of Cincinnati, and editor of "The Casket," was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Rosa G. Dorf, of Philadelphia. Mr. Bennett and his lady have our best wishes for their future happiness.

EUGENE SUE.

This licentious French author has found a new defender in no less a person than Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York Tribune. He speaks of "Martin, the Foundling," in a late number of his paper, in terms of the highest praise; he calls it "the noblest work of imagination in which the *Spirit of the Age* has yet embodied itself." He says:

If ever a book was in the highest sense moral, then is Martin deserving of that distinction. Free, as has scarce any other work of fiction, from impurity—many books of ancient and modern fame are spoiled by grossness—and yet one of intensely absorbing interest, and the profoundest moral in the enforcement of the great doctrine of Duty and Self-Sacrifice, which *I'm was intended to inculcate, I scarcely wish had been written.*

From the above, it appears that the editor of the Tribune considers that "*scenes and narrations of most revolting depravity*" may be "*absolutely essential to the enforcement of great lessons of Duty and Philanthropy.*" A pretty doctrine, this!

In another place, Mr. Greeley says—

It is not for its exhibitions of licentiousness and depravity that this work will be tabooed by the leaders of Opinion among the "upper ten thousand," but for the sure mate of those exhibitions, to display in letters of fire the wrongs and outrages by which the poor and the lowly are everywhere subjected—the general heartlessness or ignorance of the rich and powerful. Verily, the nineteenth century of casual Charity in relieving the woes it combats, and the absolute contempt, even, for Justice which Power would avoid the judgment of Cain, of as revolting and repulsive are Social Crimes as those of that the "disinherited classes" shall have solid grounds for attention, food, opportunity to labor and just recompense therefor.

It is sufficient answer to the above, to state that the works are as popular at the present day as ever, particularly those which do display, in letters of fire, the wrongs and outrages to which the poor and lowly are every where subjected.

No one has ever denied that Sue's works contain considerable that is good—if they did not, they could not have attained a notoriety so extensive and also people, and there would have been no necessity for calling the attention of the community to their evil tendencies; but we do not recognize the circulation or writings which abound in pictures of the most licentiousness, because also abound in philosophic truths, granting them to be such. It all readers were philosophers like Horace Greeley, such a course might be not be so objectionable. But every sensible man knows, that the minds of the great mass of young people, after reading such works, are certain very vivid impressions of the glowing licentiousness, and but very faint recollections of the "valuable hints for improvement in Social Arrangements, Domestic Economy, Popular Education, &c.," which Mr. Greeley alludes to.

But the true secret of the ground taken in favor of such works as those of Sue, is the desire of the leaders of Democracy for the success of Socialism in general, and of Fourierism in particular. Sue is also a devoted admirer of Fourier, and in one of his novels, he has given a full exposition of the principles of Fourierism, viz., the Right or rather Duty of Self Indulgence. We hope they do not. But, if they do, and the general current is all that way, before long, in this life, it is simply because their practice is not consistent with their principles. Principles do not always work out their ultimate results in the particular generation. The kabala in which a man has been brought up, the influence of society around him, or the absence of the warning and dignity of position, sometimes where else is regarded as in her prophet-sphere, only when she is fulfilling the sacred duties of a wife and of the degraded position she occupies, whenever that marriage is either not consummated, or the vows held in light esteem.* In short has she ever compared the condition, and the life of a mistress of men occupy, or her own country and in England, and those of a Grisi, Frezzi, Spain, Italy, &c., to say nothing of more Eastern nations!

We would suggest to the "Father" who breaks his heart over the Doctrine of Self Indulgence, that Grace perhaps meant her marriage would be a "disaster" to the hundreds of young men whom she would have to disappoint by declining any one of them, or "a disaster" to the cause of American literature—or, which is more probable than all, as the holiness of calling it "happy disaster," she called it a "disaster." We trust, however, that Grace, with her usual kindness of heart, will heal the deeply wounded spirit of this "Father," by according to his request, and "retracting" her unfortunate expression.

DOMBEY AND SON.

The last number of Dombey quite rescues the reader's interest in the story. The "Major" is the most pleasant of the vulgar, disgusting Mayor, and that overstrained caricature of silliness, Mrs. Skewton, and the hideous character of Carker, the head of the grows still more repulsive, so as to place him almost beyond the pale of humanity. This kind of aggravation, however, is necessary to the plot, which now brings the lovely young heroine with whom we have become deeply interested, within the unscrupulous eye of her father's confidential agent and her own secret enemy. We shudder to think of the fate which awaits her, and the fearful struggle in which his scheming brain may be weaving around the already troubled lot of poor Florence. But nevertheless the story is eagerly interesting, and we are in a great amount of indoor labor. And we are more than half inclined to agree with Dickens, that the fate of the thousand continually recurring acts of dull, day-pressing house work, unrelieved by out door exercise, is fully equivalent to that of the hard, engrossing the trial and perishable nature of female beauty and health in America.

The frivolous and good looks of English matrons, are often alluded to by authors in the connection, and the question is often asked why there is such a difference between the ladies of the two countries? Without fully committing ourselves at present, we are inclined to think the reason is simply this. The English lady is accustomed to work if done in every household. In this country, taking the middle classes of society, this work, including the raising of children, is usually done by the wife, with the assistance of a single domestic. Now, the well known facts are these: that in England, the wife is not expected to work, and that she does not, or those domestics where we keep one. Most, those that attended to work having, which is what cannot be generally said of domestics in the United States. And time is afforded, in this way, for much out-door exercise and recreation, which when young girls are hardly get sufficient of it; while even young married women are confined very closely to their homes.

Now, it is not possible, even if it were desirable, to employ the same quantity of help in families in the free States of America, as in the old country, but that not only struck down his for but literally annihilated the whole of the Democratic party, and of male assistance for his advance, as did Carlos in the Carlist crusade of 1833, and in that of 1837. His officers and men have a strange sympathy appear their wants and desires, and the latter have often actually embraced by the women to take exercise in the open air. Constant, hand-to-hand work within the four walls of her dwelling is not the duty of the American true, pale and spiritless. Walking when the roads and weather will allow it, is the best kind of exercise—but riding is better than remaining at home.

We, therefore, in conclusion, advise our female friends to arrange their household affairs as simply as possible, in order to give time for out door exercise and recreation, and we trust the male portion of society, as they value the health and happiness of their wives and daughters, will not only put no obstacles in their way, but encourage them as much as possible to the extent we have here suggested.

A SPANISH GOUNTESS.

A lady, pertaining to be a Spanish Countess, has been arrested in New York, charged with the unlawful possession of counterfeit money. When the officer went to arrest her, she refused to open the door. The officer said, "I am sorry to intrude upon the privacy of a lady, but I must do my duty, and I must speak up." The people of the house were on the ground and house. "What," says one, "could a Spanish Countess have to do with counterfeit money?" Just stood, says Stephens, "I'll take the responsibility," and up stairs he went.

The door was soon forced, but the ungallant Stephens burst it open, and there beheld the lady. She was found struck. "Hoss," says she, pointing to the counterfeit money, "you can have it." "Thank you," says Stephens, "put on your hat, you're wanted in the Police, for a grand larceny," and so she was.

PAPER GLASS.

It is alleged that Professor Selbiger, of Berlin, who invented Gun Cotton, has obtained a kind of malleable glass. Paper pasts (*paper mache*) is rendered transparent by causing it to undergo a certain metamorphosis which he calls Catalytic, for want of an intelligible term. He makes it in sealed jars, and then pours out pieces of glass, more flexible than paper, and perfectly transparent. He also renders paper impermeable, and perfectly suitable for book notes.

THE EAR.

A little pore blower dropped into the ear, is said to be good for deafness resulting from a cold. Sweet Oil is also good in cases of this kind, so when insects have got into the ear. Sometimes, also the drum of the ear appears to get too hard, and a few of Sweet Oil is then also of much benefit.

THE NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

The Anniversary of that day upon which was proclaimed the Independence of America, is again close at hand, and the usual festivities and loud expressions of patriotism will be in evidence. It is right that it should not be allowed to pass over without due notice, and that the occasion should be improved to the utmost by the really thinking of our country. And under the succeeding steps by which we have arrived at where we now stand. Not, however, that we should be content to rest upon the glories of the July addresses. Even laudation of our's country may be carried too far—especially if it be indulged in by those who have full and perfect knowledge of the whole barrel," is an easy way of despatching difficulties; but is not very well calculated to please the thinking or to point the way to progress.

It appears to us that an Address really suitable for a Fourth of July oration, would be somewhat of this character. It would hold prominently up to view the leading principles upon which the existence of the United States was based by our forefathers, and the glorious results of the last years by those principles. It would draw an ideal picture of a State where the principles of American liberty prevailed in their full and perfect development, and in this way stir up in the hearts of its hearers, a desire that their own country might partake more closely as possible to the precepts of justice and right, so that year by year it might more nearly resemble the beautiful picture of a perfect state which the orator had drawn.

Addresses of the kind we have sketched, would be productive of much good, and at the same time discriminate enlighten upon our country and its institutions. Too often, these latter are only calculated to foster a spirit of national vanity which is a source of confidence in our own virtue, wisdom and resources. Leading our people to forget that there is really only one strong thing in which we have to trust, and that is that it is Righteousness alone which truly exalteth a nation.

MOUNTAINS AND MOLE-HILLS.

Grace Greenwood, in introducing the "Home Journal" to contradict the report of her marriage, makes use of the following language—

"Some of the Western papers are announcing my marriage. If the paragraph meets your eye, you will do me a great favor by contradicting it. No such disaster has occurred. The notice is either a hoax or a stupid mistake."

Upon seeing this notice, a correspondent of the North American, over the signature of "A Father," breaks out in the following amusingly overpowering strain :—

MESSRS. EDITORS—I was absolutely shocked, on reading in your paper of this morning, the language used by "Grace Greenwood," in announcing the announcement of her marriage, and I trust, that on reflection, she will retract it.

Can it be possible that she, or any other *properly* educated woman, can so accurately look upon it? Has she a proper estimation of the relationships it reduces, of the affections it consecrates, and of the hopes it cherishes and embalms? Can she be a party to the degrading Doctrine of Self Indulgence as opposed to the Christian Doctrine of Self Denial. Such, in fact, is the very foundation and cement of Socialism, and of all those pernicious, Not one of the American advocates of Fourierism are more immoral than other men; neither do we know certainly that marriage in either one principle of Fourier, viz., the Right or rather Duty of Self Indulgence. We hope they do not. But, if they do, and the general current is all that way, before long, in this life, it is simply because their practice is not consistent with their principles. Principles do not always work out their ultimate results in the particular generation. The kabala in which a man has been brought up, the influence of society around him, or the absence of the warning and dignity of position, sometimes where else is regarded as in her prophet-sphere, only when she is fulfilling the sacred duties of a wife and of the degraded position she occupies, whenever that marriage is either not consummated, or the vows held in light esteem.* In short has she ever compared the condition, and the life of a mistress of men occupy, or her own country and in England, and those of a Grisi, Frezzi, Spain, Italy, &c., to say nothing of more Eastern nations!

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DOMBEY AND SON.

The last number of Dombey quite restores the reader's interest in the story. The "Major" is the most pleasant of the vulgar, disgusting Mayor, and that overstrained caricature of silliness, Mrs. Skewton, and the hideous character of Carker, the head of the grows still more repulsive, so as to place him almost beyond the pale of humanity. This kind of aggravation, however, is necessary to the plot, which now brings the lovely young heroine with whom we have become deeply interested, within the unscrupulous eye of her father's confidential agent and her own secret enemy. We shudder to think of the fate which awaits her, and the fearful struggle in which his scheming brain may be weaving around the already troubled lot of poor Florence. But nevertheless the story is eagerly interesting, and we are in a great amount of indoor labor. And we are more than half inclined to agree with Dickens, that the fate of the thousand continually recurring acts of dull, day-pressing house work, unrelieved by out door exercise, is fully equivalent to that of the hard, engrossing the trial and perishable nature of female beauty and health in America.

The frivolous and good looks of English matrons, are often alluded to by authors in the connection, and the question is often asked why there is such a difference between the ladies of the two countries? Without fully committing ourselves at present, we are inclined to think the reason is simply this. The English lady is accustomed to work if done in every household. In this country, taking the middle classes of society, this work, including the raising of children, is usually done by the wife, with the assistance of a single domestic. Now, the well known facts are these: that in England, the wife is not expected to work, and that she does not, or those domestics where we keep one. Most, those that attended to work having, which is what cannot be generally said of domestics in the United States. And time is afforded, in this way, for much out-door exercise and recreation, which when young girls are hardly get sufficient of it; while even young married women are confined very closely to their homes.

Now, it is not possible, even if it were desirable, to employ the same quantity of help in families in the free States of America, as in the old country, but that not only struck down his for but literally annihilated the whole of the Democratic party, and of male assistance for his advance, as did Carlos in the Carlist crusade of 1833, and in that of 1837. His officers and men have a strange sympathy appear their wants and desires, and the latter have often actually embraced by the women to take exercise in the open air. Constant, hand-to-hand work within the four walls of her dwelling is not the duty of the American true, pale and spiritless. Walking when the roads and weather will allow it, is the best kind of exercise—but riding is better than remaining at home.

We, therefore, in conclusion, advise our female friends to arrange their household affairs as simply as possible, in order to give time for out door exercise and recreation, and we trust the male portion of society, as they value the health and happiness of their wives and daughters, will not only put no obstacles in their way, but encourage them as much as possible to the extent we have here suggested.

DONIPHAN AND HIS MEN.

The following letter from a correspondent describes the Colonel and his command:

Colonel Doniphan is a man of giant frame, of iron nerve and great personal force. He is a man who in the eye as to proportions and strength. We can imagine that Napoleon's men must have worked up to their utmost to the best of their ability, to satisfy that not only struck down his for but literally annihilated the whole of the Democratic party, and of male assistance for his advance, as did Carlos in the Carlist crusade of 1833, and in that of 1837. His officers and men have a strange sympathy appear their wants and desires, and the latter have often actually embraced by the women to take exercise in the open air. Constant, hand-to-hand work within the four walls of her dwelling is not the duty of the American true, pale and spiritless. Walking when the roads and weather will allow it, is the best kind of exercise—but riding is better than remaining at home.

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SINGULAR FACT.

A block woman recently turned white at Cairo, Egypt. The woman is married to a black soldier belonging to Hamilton Fiske Kingsley, and owing to the existence brought forward, it is during the last two years that her black skin peeled off by degrees, and her present complexion is that of a white woman. Her features are now entirely white, and her children are entirely white, although they were born when she was black. The change is said to have been replaced by a white skin. Her features entirely belong to the Ethiopian race, and her hair still looks peculiarly like wool. She is said to be in perfect health, and is not at all disfigured by the change. She is a native of Nubia, and came into the Egyptian capital two years ago.

A SPANISH COUNTESS.

A lady, pertaining to be a Spanish Countess, has been arrested in New York, charged with the unlawful possession of counterfeit money. When the officer went to arrest her, she refused to open the door. The officer said, "I am sorry to intrude upon the privacy of a lady, but I must do my duty, and I must speak up." The people of the house were on the ground and house. "What," says one, "could a Spanish Countess have to do with counterfeit money?" Just stood, says Stephens, "I'll take the responsibility," and up stairs he went.

The door was soon forced, but the ungallant Stephens burst it open, and there beheld the lady. She was found struck. "Hoss," says she, pointing to the counterfeit money, "you can have it." "Thank you," says Stephens, "put on your hat, you're wanted in the Police, for a grand larceny," and so she was.

PAPER GLASS.

It is alleged that Professor Selbiger, of Berlin, who invented Gun Cotton, has obtained a kind of malleable glass. Paper pasts (*paper mache*) is rendered transparent by causing it to undergo a certain metamorphosis which he calls Catalytic, for want of an intelligible term. He makes it in sealed jars, and then pours out pieces of glass, more flexible than paper, and perfectly transparent. He also renders paper impermeable, and perfectly suitable for book notes.

THE EAR.

A little pore blower dropped into the ear, is said to be good for deafness resulting from a cold. Sweet Oil is also good in cases of this kind, so when insects have got into the ear. Sometimes, also the drum of the ear appears to get too hard, and a few of Sweet Oil is then also of much benefit.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

In a week recently published upon the subject of Animal Magnetism, Clairvoyance, &c., the author gives utterance to the following prediction:—

From ample observation of the capacities of vision clairvoyant, I am convinced that public journals will one day be partly conducted through the aid of qualified and experienced seers illumined by magnetic means. The different positions of various kinds of type will be as easily discerned by clairvoyance as will be of a nature suitable to explore intelligence as are the old Alphabet, set in Popular Arm." An agreement of the manner in which the enthusiastic Doctor is determined to sing his praises into notice, we quote the following extracts. The first is from "Our Longsuppe," a song which is adapted to the heretical text of "Auld Lang Syne"—

"Say shall our language be forgot,
And never more be spoken,
Because truth's alphabet could not
An introduction find?
No: we will have our noble tongue
In faultless types of steel,
And spread, on the wings of earth among,
Our lit'rature renown'd.

And, for another sample, we quote the second verse of the song, "Yankee Doodle," adapted to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner."

"A verse from the cry of Franklin copies,
Where the gnomes are in their dens—
The cause of Pleurisies, in splendor doth rise;
The nations behold our achievements with wonder,
Our Orchardgrotte leaves!
Our Orchardgrotte leaves!
Over the land which both seems with truth feedings
Let
Behold how our mountain-bird's Phœnix plume bright,
Like *Lyra Orchardgrotte* soared, shines sublime o'er the light.

LATE OF MANY HOUSE. *By Anne Walter Meeglin Philadelphia. H. Hoodie, No. 11 Small Fourteen street.* The purity of this volume is the first thing to attract it is the touching of a lovely, gentle and pense spark. In a reading of a morning, we come over a book, and a feeling of recognition, in the various pains and sorrows of the life, in which the heroine is the chief actor. We commend the volume to our readers, knowing that it contains sweet wells of consolation for many hearts. The following poem will speak for itself:

"THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTER MEDS."—Proverbs xiv. 10.

Each bosom bears its burden. Deep within
There is some skeleton, some secret grief,
Some hidden sorrow, which the world
That toast and happiness, a hidden thief.
Some canker-worm each human spirit knows,
Corroding all the fairest flowers of life.

Ah! meekly then, learn to sustain there own,
Nor deem thy heart most break, or cannot bear;
Look upward with a trusting eye to God,
And He will help thee.

A tempering Power, a Comforter is there.
His strength can fill the feeble soul with power,
His hand the lamb all stern can guard and feed
Him.
He could have laid thy path where summer flowers
Unmeet'd all through the rosy-tinted year,
But this was not to be—nay therefore knows
Must wear thee in the world beyond the tomb
Think of that world—for in that world alone prepare,
Nor shalt your hopes be moved, which help'd to lead
Thee.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. *New York. C. S. Francis & Co.* This is a most beautiful edition of a work, which has given pleasure to millions, and will continue to be prized. We shall never forget the joy, mingled with wonder, with which we pored over its pages in our boyhood; and though some portions of it are not suited for children, we do not, because we are not conscious of ever having received any injury from it ourselves. We are fearful that the prescription of such works, and the substitution of those of a more modern character for children, would be somewhat injurious to the finer and more imaginative portion of the mind. A blending of the two classes seems to us the proper course to pursue. But to return to the work before us, the present edition is beautifully printed, and the plates, which have been engraved from the original designs of Corbould, are very fine. The publishers have also issued three volumes, each containing a tale, and two volumes have yet to be issued. They will be for sale by *Zeiber & Co.*

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Local Intelligence.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.

The President has returned to Washington with every mark of respect. Escorted by a number of volunteer companions and citizens, he passed, by a circuitous route, to the Reading depot, at Broad and Dallas, where he separated during his stay in Philadelphia. In the course of the next day he visited Laurel Hill Cemetery, the Mint, the Navy Yard, &c., and left for New York on Friday, the 25th ult. The President or a letter looking man than his portraits represent him to be.

THE WEATHER.

The weather has been uncommonly hot of late. The thermometer ranges in the afternoons from 90 to 97 degrees. Our citizens begin to long for the cool breezes and shady groves of the country.

UNUSUAL DEATH.—It is said that three persons were taken to the hospital in one day of last week, suffering from injuries received by falling from trees while picking cherries.

BEARS OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 167—66 adults and 66 children.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

ATTACK ON AN AMERICAN TRAIN—VICTORY OF GEN. CADWALLADER.

There has been an attack on a large train by the Mexican Gunillas, which was partially successful.

The train had in charge $250,000 in specie, of which one-half belonged to the Quartermaster's department, and the remainder to the Quartermaster. One hundred and twenty-five wagons and six hundred pack mules were in the train, which was escorted by eight hundred men.

The train left Vera Cruz on the night of the 4th ult., and on Sunday, the 6th, when it had advanced about twenty-six miles, it was attacked by a large party of guerillas. The place was well selected for the purpose by the Mexicans, being surrounded on a double broad enough for a single wagon only. It was said, that eight weeks had been thrown up by the Mexicans to obstruct our advance.

The attack was made upon each extremity of the train, which was in two parts, at the same time, the principal point, however, being the wagons, which were supposed to contain the specie.

Private accounts represent that the attack was so far successful that forty of our wagons were destroyed—though not those containing the specie—two hundred mules loaded with subsistence were taken, and thirty of our men killed.

The train, consisting of Vera Cruz, immediately mustered six hundred men, consisting of a section detailed from the Hawthan Battery, 2d Artillery, attached to the Voltigeur regiment, under Louis. Blakely and Corkinne, four companies 11th regiment (Pennsylvania) under Col. Sweitzer, one company of the 7th Infantry, and company K, of the Dragoons, the latter commanded by Cadwallader, and set off to the relief of Molatoch. The Mexicans had been left in charge of the wagons, and were on the ridge and in the chaparrel, but Cadwallader charged and routed them, killed about fifty, and captured one hundred of the Mexicans, losing in killed fifteen men and seven wounded, with subsistence wagons. Cadwallader had sixteen hundred men altogether, and when he left Vera Cruz he expected to join under McIntosh, the Mexican force thousand. The infantry and skill of Gen. C. are highly praised. Gen. Jalapa's force was in the city of Puebla, contending with the enemy on the road. The next news will bring us an account probably of a decisive victory over them at Cerro Gordo, where it is said the Mexicans have concentrated.

The estimated loss of Col. McIntosh's party is Forest Rifles, for whom the train is stressed with empty boxes and bacon sides, which had been capture by the Mexicans.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction in the city respecting the conduct which has been pursued of the train. There will be a court of inquiry into the subject.

The division at Jalapa has been broken up, by order of Gen. Scott, and all the sick and Governor's Island for the benefit of their health. The line of communication is entirely closed.

General Scott has left Orizaba for Puente de Tuspan, from which, in future all our stores and men will be sent in preference to the old road. The success of the attack on McIntosh's command has given great confidence to the guerillas, who are swarming in great numbers through the country, and attacking all our parties, large and small.

It was chiefly owing to the bravery of Captain Bennett, the Paymaster, that the specie wagons in charge of the party were saved. He was in one of them himself when the wagon was attacked, and fought for his life, which

There are about one thousand men arranged at Vera Cruz, one thousand at Jalapa, and two will be sent to the front. The Second Pennsylvania regiment is expected to be at Puebla.

The remains is represented as on the increase at Vera Cruz. We regret extremely to say that Paymaster Bosworth, who sailed from New Orleans for Vera Cruz on the 1st inst., died suddenly on board of the vessels in Vera Cruz. His remains were brought home on the Massachusetts, in charge of his brother.

Gen. Cadwallader has commenced his work of retaliation on the guerillas. On the morning of the 7th he surprised with his command a party of the rear, on an expedition of some distance into the country, and killed and captured the entire party, capturing nineteen guerillas and an Alcade. He has employed them in cleaning the streets and sinks.

THE GUERILLAS.

LATER FROM THE TRAIN.

A letter from Vera Cruz, under date of June 14, in the New Orleans Commercial Times, represents that Guerilla parties are gathering together since the late successes, in great numbers. The writer says :—

Within the past three days a number of young Vera Cruzians have left this city to join the Liberal army against an after enjoying our protection for the past two years. Among which three have gone to Orizaba, and are now there respected than before. They will be in safe by *Zeiber & Co.*

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A Monterey letter in the New Orleans Picayune, dated June 1, says:—

Although we cannot advance upon San Luis, it is thought there may be some skirmishing on the road from here to Victoria. Guerillas having again plucked up courage, become tired of monotony hunting, and may once at the head of a large force of lancers. It had been reported that he was at Tula, but the report proves false. Many of the guerillas are poor and in consequence that positive information had been received that Gen. Urrea was at the head of 4,000 country this side of Victoria. It is probable that this force is the one referred to.

There is a good deal of sickness here, but not of a serious character, and just now deaths have taken place.

CITY OF MEXICO.

There are no preparations to defend any point between Pu

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Kentucky and Wisconsin; assisted by *James B. Shaw, T. Hudson Shaw, J. F. Rowe, D. F. Cumming, and Professor J. Hoover.*

JOHN MIMS, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Eastern States, assisted by *Messrs. Wm. Wilson, A. E. Whipple, William H. Weld, G. H. F. Rowe, John Shaw, Theodore F. Wade, T. J. Harrison, Rodolphus A. Honey, John Curtiss, James Dorring, Isaac D. Cooper and John W. Wigginton.* Mr. Wigginton has the place of H. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LAWTON is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS JEFFERSON is our Travelling Agent for Virginia.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JOHN FISHER is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. B. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

[The following is the larger portion of a sketch of the life of O'Connell, compiled for the New York Tribune. We have omitted some uninteresting portions of the narrative, and other passages which seemed inconsistent with the columns of a natural paper.]

Napoleon Bonaparte owed much of his unpopularity and love to his military skill and fact; his powers at persuasion were very limited. Daniel O'Connell, on the contrary, gained his victories, and acquired his mastery almost entirely by his moral sway and deep of blood. He knew that all power ultimately rests on opinion, and combined his countrymen and individuals skill and ability, concentrating his means and position, enabling them to make unusual and in many respects successful efforts for the emancipation of public sentiment throughout the British Empire, in a suitable channel, on matters having reference to their gradual emancipation from a thraldom of many centuries. He first drew his head at what Ireland was in 1810, and what she is now —what her Press, her Legislature, her municipal corporations, her religious privileges, her Bench, her Judges, and her Government, were then, and what they are now—pause leaves they join in the above unthinkingly bestowed on the great Irish leader, row no more.

He was the first Roman Catholic who had occupied a seat in the House of Commons of England for centuries, and the first Lord Mayor of Dublin of that religious persuasion in three hundred years. He was the life and soul of the Catholic Relief Bill, the means of which very many disabilities affecting the greater portion of his countrymen were removed, and without the aid of his supreme influence, which it is very doubtful if the measure of Parliamentary fathers would have been carried in 1829. He made Protestant dissenters as well as Catholics, by supporting efficiently the repeal of the Test Act, the repeal of the Union, the reduction of the rate of Tithe Charge, by 25 per cent., all over Ireland. He succeeded in obtaining various enactments for improving Irish municipal corporations, the power of trying any Irish cause in any Irish Court, either as attorney or counsellor he had been offered by a British Ministry. Through all, Lord Lieutenant, the office of the Rolls, with $20,000 a year income for life, or Lord Chief Baron, worth $30,000 a year, net patronage and emolument, proved he have had but he lost both. When blamed by the London *Times* for accepting the rent from his countrymen, to enable him to maintain the position of their leader in the nation, and decray the enormous expense of agitation in which he was necessarily engaged, it was forgotten that he had contributed to the rent, and abandoned a most profitable practice at the Irish bar. The writer of these remarks has listened to Mr O'Connell while speaking at a public meeting, or dinner, at a political union of the working classes, in a court of law and in the British Parliament, and believes him to have been the most eloquent and most powerfully impressive public speaker at his day on the British senate. No man, in modern times, one might have heard a pin drop, while he was pouring forth his indignation, in the old Chapel of St. Stephens against the measures of the Duke of Wellington's mouth by his Ministers at the opening of the Reformed Parliament in 1832; in which they had recommended for the Queen's speech against the redress of real wrongs, but coercion and the carlow law of darker and more insurrection times. Sheridan, Lord of Dublin, Richard Brinsley Sheridan possessed power and energy—it was a misery to hear them but in that music of the human voice which became the lament, when it ceased to be heard at all, and humor. O'Connell was surely unrivalled Throughout England, as an agitator, his progress was a series of triumphs. Every town in the Irish country Whigs were enraptured, and the Presbyterian of Edinburgh welcomed the Chief at Ireland's Regists to the Scottish Capital. O'Connell who was an excellent stout, mildly remonstrated against the excessive and unmeaning hunger given on such grounds, but accepted it, gave his repugnant a mortal wound, and thereafter declared that he abhorred dueling, and would never fight again. He fought but once.

It is well known that he was the steady enemy of slavery, whether upheld by Britain, France or America.

He seemed his wish to restore the elder branch of the Bourbons, and his dislike of Charleston and yet he was a friend to Ireland. I was stated that on the occasion of the late Lieutenant of Ireland) from Derrynane Abbey in Aug. to 1834, what follows

"The Liberator of his House (The Lords) is essentially necessary to the establishment and security of popular freedom. I most unanimously desire to express my opinion that the Bill which has passed the House of Peers is, I trust, shortly to yield to the House of Commons, and be returned to the House of Lords, subject to the necessary conformity of multiple opinions.

So, too, before the revolt in 1837, in Canada, he denounced the Canadian Constitution, and wanted the Canadian Constitution, and wanted the Canadians, who would not rather die than submit to it, would be unbecoming the name of freemen.

Mr. O'Connell was not quite consistent in these and many other things—neither did he profess to be so—consistency was not his object, but to be consistent." He soon saw the advantage to be gained to his countrymen by total abstinence from spirituous liquors, and heartily united with Father Mathew in that great reform. While he praised what was good in the character of the United States, he failed the Executive scheme of this Union "a delicate conservance."

A person, pretending to many whether Mr. O Connell did not use the Repeal cry as a means of getting power for his countrymen. In one of his letters to the Irish people he answered it:

"For my own part, I will own, that since I have come to contemplate the specific differences, such as they are, between Repeal and Federalism, I confess, I do at present feel a preference for the federal plan, as tending more to the safety of Ireland, and to the maintenance of the connection with England, than the simple and single Repeal dissolution, he began to engage in Catholic agitation."

At a "gathering" of brethren in London, at the Assembly Room, Thrawl-street, the plan was canvassed. He said that the O Connells were a long lived race, and really one to be sure, but that the increasing and increasing wretchedness of his country helped to shorten his days. He had promised the Repeal and "a good day coming," and lower and lowest were soul instead.

At the above meeting he spoke as follows

"In reading *Blackwood's Magazine* the other evening, I happened to alight upon an article in which the Tory gossipers were nicely calculated, and the chances of the parties ordered on a commercial and financial scale. What do you think they rely upon as one of the chances for us? Why, the cholera! The article 'ds more 65.' So I am—and small blame to me—and I helped it! I am not ashamed to say it. I could, but as I can't I must be content. But here proceeds the Tory writer: 'If Mr. O'Connell has lost three times more than usual, (Laughter.) Why, the last of my generation contracted the cholera, and I am not ashamed to confess it. The man we often he died, and he had good worth in him till he was 70. (Cheers.) I think, therefore, that I have more than three years to contract upon against the Tory tremendous. However, it may lose a to be to start, it will that a reason why I should work the harder? Here I am now—on Sunday the 5th of March, on the month of London arguing for Ireland, and on Sunday, the 14th, I am to be on the Curragh at Kildare, with 100,000 freshmen. That is the way I work on my three years—by doing more work in a week than other fellows would do in a year." (Cheers.)

The Tories allowed him but three years, but he got seven.

At the death of his uncle, Maurice, aged 90, in 1825, Daniel O'Connell became possessed of the estate of Kerry, and inherited the representation of the family. He espoused his cousin, Mary, daughter of Edward O Connell, M. D., Tralee, on the 3d of June, 1802, and their children are, Maurice, Morgan, John, all members of the British Parliament; Ellen, married to Christopher Fitzsimon of Glencullen, M. P., for Dublin County; Catharine, married to Charles O'Connell, M. P., for Kerry County; Elizabeth who espoused Nicholas Joseph French, Esq.

When O'Connell himself, has successively represented in the British House of Commons, Clare County, Waterford, Kerry County, Dublin City, and Cork City with the people. His first powers in the Law Courts, and brilliant professional success, with the ability with which he advocated Irish Civil, and Religious Rights, and his genius wit, humor, mirth and courageous bearing, gave him by 1817 the station of the most powerful man in the Catholic Community. He was the champion of *great causes*, his deep and ready insight into character, and his inexhaustible supply of bitter, biting, caustic wit, always to endure and rude and habitions of feeling and passion, and ability, at pleasure as it seemed, to become the very soul of mirth and good humor, constituted him the life and animation of his power, even when men began to decide that his expectations, if sincerely entertained, of a Parliament on College Green, would speedily be realized.

With the Clergy of the Church of Rome, O'Connell was not even a favorite. He had done what he could at what Ireland was in 1810, and what she is now —what her Press, her Legislature, her municipal corporations, her religious privileges, her Bench, her Judges, and her Government, were then, and what they are now—pause leaves they join in the above unthinkingly bestowed on the great Irish Catholic leader, row no more.

He was the first Roman Catholic who had occupied a seat in the House of Commons of England for centuries, and the first Lord Mayor of Dublin of that religious persuasion in three hundred years. He was the life and soul of the Catholic Relief Bill, the means of which very many disabilities affecting the greater portion of his countrymen were removed, and without the aid of his supreme influence, which it is very doubtful if the measure of Parliamentary fathers would have been carried in 1829. He made Protestant dissenters as well as Catholics, by supporting efficiently the repeal of the Test Act, the repeal of the Union, the reduction of the rate of Tithe Charge, by 25 per cent., all over Ireland. He succeeded in obtaining various enactments for improving Irish municipal corporations, the power of trying any Irish cause in any Irish Court, either as attorney or counsellor he had been offered by a British Ministry. Through all, Lord Lieutenant, the office of the Rolls, with $20,000 a year income for life, or Lord Chief Baron, worth $30,000 a year, net patronage and emolument, proved he have had but he lost both. When blamed by the London *Times* for accepting the rent from his countrymen, to enable him to maintain the position of their leader in the nation, and decray the enormous expense of agitation in which he was necessarily engaged, it was forgotten that he had contributed to the rent, and abandoned a most profitable practice at the Irish bar. The writer of these remarks has listened to Mr O Connell while speaking at a public meeting, or dinner, at a political union of the working classes, in a court of law and in the British Parliament, and believes him to have been the most eloquent and most powerfully impressive public speaker at his day on the British senate. No man, in modern times, one might have heard a pin drop, while he was pouring forth his indignation, in the old Chapel of St. Stephens against the measures of the Duke of Wellington's mouth by his Ministers at the opening of the Reformed Parliament in 1832; in which they had recommended for the Queen's speech against the redress of real wrongs, but coercion and the carlow law of darker and more insurrection times. Sheridan, Lord of Dublin, Richard Brinsley Sheridan possessed power and energy—it was a misery to hear them but in that music of the human voice which became the lament, when it ceased to be heard at all, and humor. O'Connell was surely unrivalled Throughout England, as an agitator, his progress was a series of triumphs. Every town in the Irish country Whigs were enraptured, and the Presbyterian of Edinburgh welcomed the Chief at Ireland's Regists to the Scottish Capital. O'Connell who was an excellent stout, mildly remonstrated against the excessive and unmeaning hunger given on such grounds, but accepted it, gave his repugnant a mortal wound, and thereafter declared that he abhorred dueling, and would never fight again. He fought but once.

It is well known that he was the steady enemy of slavery, whether upheld by Britain, France or America.

He seemed his wish to restore the elder branch of the Bourbons, and his dislike of Charleston and yet he was a friend to Ireland. I was stated that on the occasion of the late Lieutenant of Ireland) from Derrynane Abbey Aug. to 1834, what follows

"The Liberator of his House (The Lords) is essentially necessary to the establishment and security of popular freedom. I most unanimously desire to express my opinion that the Bill which has passed the House of Peers is, I trust, shortly to yield to the House of Commons, and be returned to the House of Lords, subject to the necessary conformity of multiple opinions.

So, too, before the revolt in 1837, in Canada, he denounced the Canadian Constitution, and wanted the Canadian Constitution, and wanted the Canadians, who would not rather die than submit to it, would be unbecoming the name of freemen.

Mr. O'Connell was not quite consistent in these and many other things—neither did he profess to be so—consistency was not his object, but to be consistent." He soon saw the advantage to be gained to his countrymen by total abstinence from spirituous liquors, and heartily united with Father Mathew in that great reform. While he praised what was good in the character of the United States, he failed the Executive scheme of this Union "a delicate conservance."

A person, pretending to many whether Mr. O Connell did not use the Repeal cry as a means of getting power for his countrymen. In one of his letters to the Irish people he answered it:

"For my own part, I will own, that since I have come to contemplate the specific differences, such as they are, between Repeal and Federalism, I confess, I do at present feel a preference for the federal plan, as tending more to the safety of Ireland, and to the maintenance of the connection with England, than the simple and single Repeal dissolution, he began to engage in Catholic agitation."

At a "gathering" of brethren in London, at the Assembly Room, Thrawl-street, the plan was canvassed. He said that the O Connells were a long lived race, and really one to be sure, but that the increasing and increasing wretchedness of his country helped to shorten his days. He had promised the Repeal and "a good day coming," and lower and lowest were soul instead.

At the above meeting he spoke as follows

"In reading *Blackwood's Magazine* the other evening, I happened to alight upon an article in which the Tory gossipers were nicely calculated, and the chances of the parties ordered on a commercial and financial scale. What do you think they rely upon as one of the chances for us? Why, the cholera! The article 'ds more 65.' So I am—and small blame to me—and I helped it! I am not ashamed to say it. I could, but as I can't I must be content. But here proceeds the Tory writer: 'If Mr. O'Connell has lost three times more than usual, (Laughter.) Why, the last of my generation contracted the cholera, and I am not ashamed to confess it. The man we often he died, and he had good worth in him till he was 70. (Cheers.) I think, therefore, that I have more than three years to contract upon against the Tory tremendous. However, it may lose a to be to start, it will that a reason why I should work the harder? Here I am now—on Sunday the 5th of March, on the month of London arguing for Ireland, and on Sunday, the 14th, I am to be on the Curragh at Kildare, with 100,000 freshmen. That is the way I work on my three years—by doing more work in a week than other fellows would do in a year." (Cheers.)

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When O'Connell,

Selected Poetry.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

ROSABELLE.

BY CARO.

A thing of life and sunshine,
A glad and happy child,
With spirits ever changing,
Half earnest and half wild.
As fleet a little fairy
As ever graced a dell,
Or frolicked in a blossom,
Is our sweet Rosabelle.

I wish that you could meet her,
Her clear and hearty tone
Would break upon your vision
Like light from Paradise!
You'd know her in a moment—
You could, lady's well!
For there's no other like her—
Our own dear Rosabelle.

Her brow is just as open,
And sunny as the day;
And curls are dancing o'er it,
In their sublimest play.
Ah! loveliness and beauty
Have thrown their brightest spell,
Around our darling blossom—
Our winning Rosabelle!

Her mouth is made for kisses,
And when she lifts her face,
The sunniest glance she utters,
Will her unconscious grace.
Her lips are ripe and glowing,
With pearls, like dew, peeping, swell;
That patience like to copy—
Our pensive Rosabelle!

Her voice is soft and child like,
Yet gleeful as a bird's;
I love to list the cadence
Of her half-studied words:
Her laugh is like the echoes
Of some sweet silver bell,
Save it in the evergreen,
And know 'tis Rosabelle.

A thing of life and sunshine,
A glad and happy child,
With spirits ever changing,
Half earnest and half wild.
As fleet a little fairy
As ever graced a dell,
Or frolicked in a blossom
Is our sweet Rosabelle!

Interesting Sketch.

MEXICO.

I can assure you, without romance, there are as pretty women in Jalapa as ever ran sham open, or rou ed mens admiration. And they are fond of admiration, too, like most of the sex, and are not at all displeased at the homage paid them even by those they call the intruders of their country. An officer or a well dressed stranger, albeit his blood be Saxon and his skin fair, may raise his beaver to one of these without offending, and his reward is never less than an acknowledgment of the compliment, frequently a smile that should never be squandered upon a married man. And allow me to say that the ladies of Jalapa do not smoke in the streets nor on the public promenades without the city. Eve's repentance arrives in Boston, could not conduct themselves with more propriety in public, than their sisters here. Albeit there is more fire in the eye and more life in the blood of the darker daughters of that inquisitive mamma of all humanity. And such hair! by Apollo, no raven's plumage is darker, and the "light of a dark eye in woman" never beamed love and temptation into the heart of Byron from under the pretty lashes of a Venitian Hebe than many a dreamy Spaniard daily enjoys in the capital of Vera Cruz—Jalapa.

The descendants of Castile here, as in the mother of Modern Mexico, are passionately fond of music, and in all the dwellings of the wealthy class, one may hear beautiful music from the harp and guitar principally, less generally from the piano. This far I have not heard as fine vocal music as at home, though I have stepped more than once before the residence of a French lady, and listened to a voice that, without the power and all the sweetness of Cuba's. With this exception, I have not heard a good singing, as one may, on my low evenings, listen to in the city of Reading, in our own valley Berks.

I had often made the remark and perhaps have written, that the Mexicans did not indulge in any great extent in ardent spirits; for I had not after several times visiting this city, and living sometime in Vera Cruz, seen one drunken Mexican. But since I came into Jalapa to live, I have seen more drunk en Mexicans than Americans. The liquor in use here, is almost all of home manufacture, and the most wretched stuff a man ever turned down his throat.

In visiting the Mexican and American hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers, I have been astonished to find that the former possess very many comforts not found in the latter. The medical department of the American army is miserably neglected by the Government. None of the conveniences to be found in other armies are met with in ours. We have not enough physicians and surgeons, and they are neither provided with medicines nor instruments sufficient for their arduous duties. The medicine chests and surgical instruments of the Mexican surgeons are vastly superior and in greater quantity and of better quality than those of the American army.

These seem to be hardly a rencheos who has not more money than our comfortable farmers. They generally live in dirty ranches made of cane sticks or bamboo, erect on a heap of dirt or broken tiles, battened together by vines and thatched in with palm and banana leaves. Still their dresses are generally clean, and their lives fine and attending white. In truth, I have never seen a people who pride themselves upon wearing clean white clothing so much as the laborers of the Mexican. At a rancheros, whose whole rancho and household goods would not sell for fifty dollars, weare a hat which, with its silver ornaments, will rate from six to fifty dollars, elegant buckskin overhauls of remarkably handsome cut, buttoned down to the knee with heavy silver buttons, and underneath a linen drawers, a shirt of fine linen, and a blanket or mantle worth from eight to fifty or an hundred dollars. I have seen one of fine cloth, trimmed liberally with purple velvet, and ornamented with silver clasps, bugles, stars and crosses worth at least an hundred dollars. This evening I saw one of these fellows rather ordinarily dressed, pitch a doubloon ($16) upon a monte table with as little apparent concern as most men would a real, (12½ cts.) and after winning four times pick up his game light a cheroot and walk away whistling some tune as carelessly as he had entered.

Among other notable things in Jalapa are its baths, which are the finest I have ever seen. The best in Philadelphia are not to be compared to two of these tasso publicos I have visited, either as regards extent or luxury. The cold water is capable of bathing, and as the mountain streams are made of the year the chilly for immersion, the ba he do a fascinating business. There are also, private baths in the houses of the wealthy, and these, I am told, are all arranged with great taste. Nothing that has been written of the luxury and wealth of Mexico can exceed the reality. The buildings are most admirably adapted to the climate and you find on the rear of almost every dwelling a beautiful garden, filled with the choicest fruits and flowers arranged in fanciful promenades, the trees and vines growing up to and often concealing the piazzas upon the family sit and enjoy the delightful evenings. Were this country governed by Americans, or any other people, I could never watch to leave it, I says. I can hardly conceive a prettier residence, no reasonable being could want to live in a better climate or a more lovely spot.

With all its comforts and agreeables, Jalapa is cursed with more fleas than could be transported in the luggage wagons of the army. The fleas that eat up the substance of Pharaoh and his people, could not have been more accountable for accompanies. The buildings in the business part of the city, are built with square parts, surrounded by rooms for general use. The stables, pig pens and poultry coops are all on the ground floor, the lodging rooms above, and when the fleas get tired of feasting upon horses and mules, they come up stairs and pay a visit to the boarders. There is one little fellow among people of nights to that sleep in almost out of the question. I have taken to sleeping sooner sunset, and to waiting, and (as I have neither books nor papers to read) playing swither at night. As myself and mess (the officers of the Cameron Guards) are "dead broke," this pastime is about as interesting as any we can contrive.

One acquaintance with Mexico would suppose that in a country where the Christian religion flourishes to such an universal extent, the Sabbath would be most religiously observed. No opinion could be more erroneous. Almost every kind of business is carried on that week days, and some branches flourish to a still greater degree than on the other days. The billiard rooms, for instance, become busiest in fact every place of amusement, are open and patronized more than on most of the days for holidays.—*Correspondence of the North American.*

For Gentlemen.

READING THE WILL.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

This morning I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend, at two o'clock that day at the house of her uncle in Harley street, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with this invitation. I had really begun to fancy that old Mr. Graham was going to remain perpetually on the earth, like Mrs. Norton's "Undying One;" he was always on the point of death, and always on the point of getting over in the country of a few days; last month the cold water system seemed completely to resurrect him, and he was fully relapsed, and fixed from the world, and left fifty thousand pounds and a will behind him. Though Constance is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my acquaintance, I had determined never to marry her while her uncle lived; he had frequently proclaimed her his favorite, but as frequently took effence at something or at nothing in her behaviour, and bequeathed his wealth to a hospital, prison, or lunatic asylum. I call quite easy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's housekeeper, had given me information, that, only no later before last quarter's dividends, he had told her he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, however, that it was my policy to appear ignorant of that circumstance in my interviews with Constance, and Constance's mother very suspicious.

At the appointed time I walked into the dressing-room in Harley street. the very best room of the old gentleman were assembled. There was Constance, looking as Hebe might have looked if Hebe had ever worn crape and bombazine; her fiance's mother, looking still cross, and uneasy; my elderly female cousin, and a stripling nephew of the deceased. I had come to the end of them; but Mr. Graham distilled his fine lady sister-in-law, decayed the servility of his elderly cousin, and dension the feelings of his stripling nephew. I seated myself by Constance, and in a soft tone began to pity her affection and disappointment. "Excuse me for the caprice of your uncle, my beloved," I said, "I have every reason to conclude that I shall bear your name and possess your hand before the end of the month to me; I have enough for comfort, though not for luxury, and, as the song beautifully says—

"'Still fond in my heart be it never forgot
That the wealth of the cottage is love.'"

"I fancy, Mr. Chilton," said Constance's mother, looking unusually sneering and obstinate, "that it is pretty well known that my daughter is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, madam?" I replied, with a start of surprise, "I was not aware that any surmise was hazarded concerning the contents of Mr. Graham's will."

"I have heard a surmise hazarded," sharply interposed the elderly cousin, "that Mr. Graham was one to his senses when he made it."

"The mind must be both base and weak," pretented Constance's mother, "which could give credence to such a report." And forthwith a sparring dialogue took place between the two ladies, during which I whispered to Constance a page of Moore's poetry done into prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor and intimate friend of the late Mr. Graham, a fine, handsome young man, and had powdered at one time to lift his eyes to Constance; he opened the will, and we all became acutely attentive. For what a disappointment awaited us! Three thousand pounds were bequeathed to Constance, (this was the old fellow's idea of a handsome fortune!) Five hundred pounds to the elderly cousin, duties to the stripling nephew, small legacies to the servants, and the remainder of his wealth to the hospital or water establishment for the reception of those who have not rich enough to pay a gratuity for being half drowned. Constance's mother looked like a testing witnesses, and then refreshed himself with sherry and biscuits. As he was a friend of the family, his presence was no restraint on conversation.

"That will ought to be disputed," said Constance's mother, looking at me, "and I wonder you leave Mr. Graham was in his senses when he made it."

"I thought," said the elderly cousin, with a sneer, "that the mind must be both base and weak which could give credence to such a surmise."

"Dear madam!" said Constance, "do not be discomposed; I am very well contented—I shall not be quite a portionless bride." Constance here held out her delicate white hand to me—I allowed not to see it.

"My dear Miss Graham," I said, "do not believe me cruel and selfish as to wish to plunge you into poverty."

"I thought you said that your income was sufficient for every comfort," remarked the stripling nephew.

I did not condescend to answer him, but continued "No, Constance, though it would be my pride to do so, I give you back your freedom, saying, in the language of Hayman's picture of the Maniac, let in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me!" I was just making for the door, leaving Constance to her breaking more like No-bo than Temple said, "I think the party had better remain till I have read the codicil.

I seated myself again in a sense, and Temple forth with read that the testator, being convinced that he had received no benefit from the cold water system which had been tried upon him, and that the water establishment for lunatics, was in the course of being the same to his beloved niece, Constance Graham.

"Constance! dear Constance!" I exclaimed, in the softest of tones. But Constance looked neither like Hebe nor Niobe, but as stern and severe as Juno. I then attacked Temple. "I say, Mr. Temple," said, "only to read part of a will!"

"I have read every word of the will," he replied, "and having greatly fatigued myself by so doing, I trust that it was perfectly legal to refresh myself with a glass of sherry before I pay the codicil."

I was going to utter some further remarks, when Constance's mother said, "Good morning, Mr. Chilton!" in a tone of voice which left me no alternative but to echo her leave taking, and I descended the stairs, pursued by a smothering laugh from the elderly cousin in the dining-room, several loud yawns from the stripling nephew, and a sneer from Constance's mother. I walked home in a state of bewilderment, in my diary, declaring that from this day forward I would be content with a humble fortune. "Never believe that a will is concluded till you have inquired whether there is any codicil to it."

Choice Selections.

CHOOSING A MINISTER.

The people in one of the out parishes in Virginia wrote to Dr. Rice, who was then at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, for a minister. They said they would be willing to raise a hundred dollars, for they had run down considerably, and needed preaching very much. They wanted one who would visit a good deal, for their former minister had neglected that, and they wanted to bring it up. They wanted one who could "speak well," for they loved eloquence, and thought a great deal of that. And so they went on describing a perfect minister. He last thing they mentioned was that they gave their minister three hundred and fifty dollars—but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they described, they would raise another hundred. To-wit—four hundred dollars. The Doctor sat down and wrote a reply, telling them they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr. Richard Baxter, for he did not know of any one in this world who answered this description. And as Mr Dwight had been living a long time without food, he might do very well now for the body, and possibly might live out four hundred dollars.

A STRANGE LIKE.—The Commercial Advertiser tells us a story of a lady of its acquaintance who, when confined in the street one evening actually looked her landlord with so much skill and energy as to drive the gentleman from the field. She followed him from hall way between Church street and Broadway as far as the great to-conglomerate, still keeping up the exploration of her head, when he evaded her at the corner and escaped!

Our Portrait Gallery.

THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO.

This great Polish general and patriot, was born in 1756, in Lithuania, and was educated with success at the Warsaw Military School, where he excelled in mathematics and drawings. He completed his studies in France. When the American Colonies threw off the yoke of the mother country, Kosciusko hastened to the support of the struggle, and was made Colonel of Engineers and Aide-de-Camp to Washington. Returning to his own country he lived in retirement till 1780, when the Diet appointed him to be Major-General. In the brief struggle of 1792, he behaved with distinguished valor; but as soon as the fate of Poland was sealed, he retired into voluntary exile. He kept up, however, a correspondence with the friends of liberty in his native land; and when in 1794 the Russians and Prussians made an effort to break their chains, they placed Kosciusko at their head. He began his career by defeating the Russian General, Denisoff, at Raslawice. But the enemy poured in on all sides, and at length after having for six months delayed the fall of Poland, he was wounded and taken prisoner on the fourth of October, at the battle of Macieiowice He was sent to St. Petersburgh, and incarcerated till the accession of the Emperor Paul, who liberated him. The remaining part of his existence was spent in America, France and Switzerland, but chiefly in France. He died at Soleure, April 15th, 1817. In 1817 he abolished slavery in his estate of Siegenvicze, in Poland. He was never married. In 1818, Prince Lubomirski, at the expense of the Emperor, Alexander, removed his ashes to Cracow, at the request of the Senate, to the Emperor allowed to be deposited in the tomb of the Kings at Cracow. A monument was also erected to his memory, and the women of Poland went into mourning for his loss

For the Ladies.

THE GOVERNMENT OF HUSBANDS.

Punch has been writing some most sprightly descriptions of "Capsicum House for Young Ladies," an establishment in which Miss Griffin educates a select number of young ladies in the mystic art of being wives. A free list of the best maxims is contained this lady's receipt for governing husbands, or as she classically calls it, "ringing their changes," by graphically illustrated by an example. For the benefit of the wives that are to be in our circle of readers, but who will have no opportunity of receiving the personal instructions of Miss Griffin, we extract the lesson at length —

"Don't tell me," said Miss Griffin, "kindness is the true Liquid. I often illustrate the agreeable fact, for in Capsicum House no natural object is last upon us. For instance, last Tuesday, whilst the Mills Punch Class were on, an enormous wasp came like a Lilliputian dragon into the room, and flew from girl to girl. Inconvicted they began to scream with wisdom, for as wasps resent the use of Miss Griffin, we extract the lesson at length —

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DOCTOR CHALMERS.

The obituary of 1847 promises to be emblazoned with many illustrious names. Daniel O'Connell has scarcely passed away from amongst us, when we are called to lament the translation of the sudden death of Thomas Chalmers. Another eminent benefactor of the million has perished. The intelligence of Scotland over her great Patriot are responded to by the lamentations of Scotland over her great Moralist. With both do our sympathies from the inmost recesses of our heart. Through the haze of death we recognize the sentiental and liberative glory of O'Connell, through the haze of death, we perceive the equable light of the celebrity of Chalmers. Their kinetic may be motionless, but their force will be distinguished.

Thomas Chalmers is generally believed to have been born somewhere about the year 1780, in a little village called Anstruther, situated on that rugged margin as you sail southwards up the estuary of the Forth. The birthplace of this eminent man—an insignificant fishing place—is, consequently, regarded as among those spots which have been sanctified by the presence of the childhood of genius. Every intelligent Scotsman seems to have been the endowment of those seeds of wisdom which we maintain, with all deference to the immortal Locke, were really implanted in the mind by the hand of a superior intellect. From the first there was manifestly an innate tendency towards the acquisition of knowledge, and the exercise of virtue, in the case of Thomas Chalmers; that tendency was assiduously encouraged by his scholastic and spiritual instruct. ors; consequently, he was early initiated into the distinguished indications of his ability while a student in that northern academy of learning, that was then in especially attached to the classical acquaintance of Professor Vilant. On his presentation, in 1803, to the incumbency of Kilmany, Thomas Chalmers was a living embodiment to that assertion of Professor Playfair that the first rich clergy was condemned by the combination of Scottish Romery and profound erudition, classical declamation and bookish enlightenment. From the first moment of his appointment to the parish of Kilmany Church the renown of Chalmers resounded through the whole of the island. The music of his eloquence, from the pulpit chambers of the wild and splendid, and harmonized by the breathings of his morality, entranced his hearers, took their judgments captive, and revivified their senses as it were with the utterances of a prophet.

Dr. Chalmers, however, was immeasurably greater than mere pulpit oratory. Indeed, the high and the combination of those two marvellous qualifications that he acquired such supreme influence over his correspondents, and elicited so much of the admiration of mankind. As an orator and as a moralist, Dr. Chalmers must hold for ever a conspicuous place among the pronounced of civilization and the practical benefactors of the human family. His greatness in that respect is undoubted and preeminent. Nor were the efforts of this extraordinary man restricted within the limits of oral tuition: as an ethical and metaphysical writer he has assumed a bright and no unfair position. Some of his compositions are as effect essentially of a declamatory character, they indicate unmistakably the spontaneous current of eloquence which flowed impetuously through his mind—the eloquence of the very conception of his thoughts, and the eloquence with which those thoughts were clothed in expression. Whether he indicated his ideas by the movements of the lip or pen, the language was always remarkable for its purity. Its choice was also selected and rejected with discretion, and was invariably inculcative of generous and ennobling principles.

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A COUNTRY LIFE.

How sacred and how innocent
A country life is found,
How free from tumult, discontent,
And every care profound!

The sun the first and happiest life.
When man enjoyed himself.
Till pride exhausted the large for strife,
And happiness for pelf.

These here the poets were inspired.
Here sought the muse,
The brave they have with honor fired,
And civilized the rude.

That golden age did exonerate
No passion lost of love:
The thoughts of rising and of gone
Did bide o'er their fancies more.

Them that do count only vice,
A cottage will be found,
It is not brave to be passion'd
Of earth, but to ground.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From home our peace doth flow,
I have a better fancy of kings,
Because I think so.

When all the wintry world doth roar,
How innocent I am!
I cannot fear to tumble lower,
Who never could be high.

Secure in there unenvied walks,
I think not on the state,
And pay no more than falls
From for ambition's weight.

Silence and innocence are safe,
I keep a little state,
At all these little acts can laugh,
That do the world seldom.

THE WARMING PAN.

In Ireland, a warming pan is called a frier. Not many years ago an unsophisticated girl took service in a hotel in the town of ——, in the north —she had never heard of a warming pan in her life, though she regularly confessed to a friar once in a year.

It so happened, on a cold and drizzly night, that the priest took lodgings in the inn. He had traveled all day in a waggy waggy, and was very tired. Soon after, the mistress of the house called the servant girl.

"Betty, put the frier into No. 6."

Up went Betty to the priest priest—

"Your reverence must go into No. 6, my mistress says."

"How?—what!" asked he, annoyed at being disturbed.

"You re verence must go into Nr. 6."

There was no help for it, and the priest arose, muttered a blessing upon his servant, and went.

In about fifteen minutes the mistress called to Betty.

"Put the frier in No. 6."

Betty said something about disturbing his secretes, which her mistress did not understand. So she told the girl, in a sharp voice, to do always as she directed, and she would always do right.

Up went Betty, and the unhappy priest, despite his angry protestations, was obliged to turn out of No. 6 and go into No. 4.

Half an hour elapsed, ere the girl was told to put the frier into No. 3, and the poor priest, thinking that every body in the house had gone mad, was obliged to turn out of No. 4, and, shivering, crept into the damp sheets of No. 3. But he was to go no peace there. Betty was again directed to put the frier into No. 2, and with tears in her eyes, she obeyed.

In about an hour the landlady concluded to go to bed herself, and she told the frier to put out her room. Wondering what it all meant, Betty rescued up the priest and told him he must go into No. 1 of the monk overcome himself, counted his beads and went into No. 11.

It so happened that the landlord of the establishment was a single man, and he gave their servant girl the same directions as he had given to his wife, and her mistress. Betty was confirmed by seeing in his own bed a man with a shaven crown, and concluded that he had put into the street man the work of a monument; nor was the mistake explained till the next day, when the landlord missed his pocket-book, and began to think some one had committed upon him, and he learned to his astonishment that he had been serving the whole night as a warming pan.

PARSIMONIOUS.—One bulwynner affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My aunt letter shall refute you," said Lady Grosvenor. "Before noon after received a letter from her lodyship, when after her signature stood—P. S. Who was right now, you or I?"

CAUGHT AT HIS OWN GAME.—A servant girl, writing a letter, asked her master if the next month had come in yet; he laughed. "Well," said she, "I what I mean. Indeed for last month gone out yet."

FUN AND FROLIC.

TWO PRAISERS.—Byron and Rogers, a delightful poem on the Piazzas. A poetical contributor to the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press has also questioned these lines, and in a more practical and familiar style. He says:

Great western source of bottom land,
Flat as a pancake, deep as grave!
Where goats are fed as big as toads,
And 'skeeters are as big as geese!
Oh, lonesome, windy, grassy place,
Where men and oxen makers grow!
The first with dreadful length of face,
The last with dreadful sensing tail!
I'd rather live in Greenland's frost,
And be a Yankee doodle beggar,
Than live in such a place as this,
And chaw to death with fewer's agar!

BREAD STUFFS.—What is the staple production of the district of country? said an English traveller the other day, to a young farmer in the Miami Valley, as he was refreshing himself with a glass of "hard cider" while thrashing-crutch stopped to water.

"Corn, sir; corn: we raise on our land about seventy bushels to the acre, and we manufacture into whiskey, sir, to say nothing about the quantity that is wasted *for bread!*"

A CURE FOR A SCREAMING WIFE.—Rose, principal secretary to Louis Napoleon, was one day introduced to M. Portal, president of the Parliament, was constantly receiving from his son-in-law complaints of his daughter's ill temper. "Ah, my dear fellow," the latter said, "you have fully convinced of her misconduct, and was resolved to punish her for it; in short, that if he heard her scream at it, he would dismount her. He heard no more.

A VALUABLE HORSE.—A wag in Pennsylvania has a horse purchased a short time since. Returning from a ride a few days afterwards, he said that he had discovered a quality in his animal which would fully balance to his value—He sided at a canal stable!

DANDY.—Name?—What's that?" asked a schoolmaster, pointing to the latter. A. "Daddy's name." "No, if isn't Daddy's name, you block head—it's N." "No, sir, I am," said the boy, "his daddy's name; I've seen him write it often."

AN INTERRUPTION.—A person who advertises in a morning paper for a clerk, holds out that in document—A small salary will be given, but he will have enough overwork to make up the deficiency.

AMENDING AN ERROR.

A candidate for office at the late election in this city, was recently answering near the poll at one of the wards, when a fine specimen of "Gem's Ayrie" stepped up to him, and exclaimed—

"Well, Judge, how do you find yourself, any how?"

"Quite well!" replied the Judge.

"I hope so, Judge," remarked Pat, with an air decidedly sorrowful—"Blessins' on us, but things is altered latitely."

"What's the matter?" inquired the Judge.

"Matter! Why, bad luck to this district system; but it bothers the voters out an' out. The divil burn its authors!"

"Has it hurt you, Pat?"

"Why, Judge," said Pat, laying his hand confidentially on the shoulder of the magistrate, "I got up this mornin' like a lark, an' wint down to the pow'sh'ap wan forty acres, rated at ninety bushels per acre. The best of corn in the town-ship was forty acres, rated at ninety bushels per acre. The wheat averaged only ten bushels per acre, and the best lot only twenty bushels per acre.

POLL EVIL.—I noticed a very simple cure for the poll evil in your paper some time ago; that is to wash out the sore and apply common salt. I have a good horse that had it for two years. I doubted the simple remedy, but resolved to try it, thinking it could do no harm, at least. However, the horse soon got well, and is now as sound as ever. JOHN MILLER.

SLAVE FOR AN INVALUABLE SOLE.—Half dozen Balm Gilead buds, pounded fine, one tea spoonful of honey, and the yolk of an egg; spread plaster and chicken with eye flower to the consistency of paste. I applied it once a day two or three times; I have used this salve with much benefit to allay inflammation in accidentally injuring the sole of the foot long by it, and it is said to be equally as good for a horse. D. W. G.

CORN COBS—PREMIUM FOR CORN.

R. L. Colt, Esq., of Paterson, N. J., stated, in a letter to the American Institute, that in accordance with the request of Mr. Skinner, he had caused a heaped bushel of the ears of Jersey white corn to be carefully shelled—the produce being half a bushel and six quarts of shelled corn and a heaped half bushel of cobs, the latter, now dried, weighing 7 lbs. If we raise five hundred million bushels of corn, the cobs will weigh three and a half million of tons Certainly we ought to have these cobs upon land, and honestly tested—*whether the cob contains any nutritive power, and if so, how much*, and next do the *ashes of the cob contain potashes*, and if so, how much, and how are we to get the benefit of it? Shall the cob be burned, or ground with the corn and fed to cattle, and then get the potashes in the form of manure? This is supposing there is no nutriment in the cob, but that Mr. C. does not believe—he so well persuaded of the value of the cob in fact, that he is building a mill to grind corn and cob together. And so well satisfied he is also, that one has not properly appreciated the value of Indian corn, that he authorizes the American Institute *to offer a Premium of $100 to the best Essay on the Nutritive Qualities of Indian Corn*—the blade, the stalk, the husk, the cob, as also the component parts of the ashes of each.

FEEDING TURNIPS.

When mulch cows are fed with turnips, the milk frequently has a disagreeable flavor. To eradicate the taste commonly ascribed to the turnip, different substances have been recommended to be put in the milk, such as saltpetre, chloride of lime, &c. Mr. Herb. McIntyre, of this city, who is in the habit of feeding his cows during winter with both turnips and brewers' grains, informs us that while both these articles are used, no unpleasant taste is given to the milk, but that if the grains are omitted, the flavor of the milk is affected by the turnips. His rule has been to put fresh cows upon half a bushel of Swedish turnips and half a bushel of grain per day, and it has been repeatedly noticed that when the turnips are stopped, the flavor of the milk is decreased in quantity, and the cows appear to be less healthy.—*Albany Cultivator.*

HOW A FARMER MAY PAY HIS PRINTER.—His Essa—A gallon pot is filled with eggs; and one pint of lime, of the consistency of common white, and poured in. A pail is filled with water, the board is then placed on the top, and the water, which is never changed, as well as the eggs, remains pure and sweet. This practice is the one most common in France, the inhabitants of which, to their love of frogs and soup, add also, it appears, a very considerable taste for eggs.

Agricultural.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

We find the following hints to farmers in one of our exchanges. As to their merits, our readers must judge for themselves.

Tomatoes make excellent preserves.

Potatoes are the very best protection of cabbage against lice.

Plants, when dropping, are revived by a few grains of camphor.

Pears are generally improved by grafting on the mountain ash.

Subsoil is valuable in preserving grapes. Admit insects.

Last never speils in warm weather, if it is confined enough to keep out air.

In feeding with corn, 60 lbs. ground goes as far 100 lbs. in the kernel.

Corn should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious as many that have grown large.

Ruta Baga is the only root that increases in nutritious qualities as it increases in size.

Rats and other vermin are kept away from potatoes by a sprinkling of garlic when packing the shores.

Money skillfully expended in drying land by draining or otherwise, will be returned with ample interest.

To cure scratches on a horse, wash the legs with warm soapsuds, and then with best tallow. These applications will cure in the worst case.

Timber cut in the spring, and exposed to the weather with the bark on, decays much sooner than if cut in the fall.

The experience above applies to be equal to potatoes ripening hogs and decidedly preferable for feeding cattle.

Wild worms may be destroyed by cultivating corn, ploughing and leaving the field at its ploughed state all winter.

LETTING SHEEP.

A correspondent in your April number, wishes to know something about the terms of letting sheep. What may be customary in other parts of the country I cannot tell, but in New England and New York, sheep are frequently let for a term of years, on the following terms, viz. The owner of the sheep puts them in the pasture in the spring season, and at the end of the time, have restored to him the original stock, or their value. This gives to the owner of the land the use of the sheep and their manure, *only half of the wool from the yearl* from year to year. This, at first sight, seems an inadequate remuneration, but when it is considered that sheep require but little keep on these terms. If severe sheep, as is generally allowed, consume a ton of hay in a winter, or in that proportion of it as old—very old sheep, the average length of our winters,—the pasturing in the other parts of the year, together with the care, without fear of storms, accident, or of being injured by negligence, is worth $1 50 per head. How, then, can any farmer afford to keep sheep for half of the wool? Another way of letting sheep, practiced in some parts of Connecticut, is to double the flock to the owner once in three years.

It may not be out of place to remark that in the manufacture of wool, cloth dressers give one yard of dressed cloth for two and a half pounds of wool; and flannel dressers for one and three quarter pounds, and one yard of colored flannel for two pounds of wool.—*Albany Cultivator.*

BREAK THE CRUST.

Every observant farmer must have noticed the crust which forms on the surface of newly stirred soils, after lying a few days to the action of the dews. A much heavier crust is formed by such stirred or rain which falls. Gound and successful cultivators consider this scarcely former crust to be often and repeatedly broken by the hoe, harrow, or other instruments.

The practical importance in proof of the importance of this practice, has just been stated by an extensive farmer. He planted a field of brown-corn, and by the following method: He marked out the field in such a manner that each alternate row as nearly alike as possible, and each should lose his crop, and the rows which was hoed best. Our informant stated the result in substance as follows:—"Determined not to be beaten, I hoed my new soil, once a week, the summer through. I had not seen my assistant how his at all, but had observed that for a long time he was up to dinner every morning before me. At length I found him before reaching his broom corn, and I asked him how often he hoed it; he answered, 'Once a day, regularly.' The result of the experiment was, his row beat mine by nearly double the amount."—*Albany Cultivator.*

SUNDRIES.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

PRESERVING GREEN CURRANTS FRESH.—M. S. Wilcox, of Lenox, Mass., preserves green currants in dry glass bottles, corked and sealed tight, placing them in a cool cellar. Green gooseberries may be preserved in the same way. He adds, "In this way my green currants have been preserved in my cellar for years. I have given currant pies on my table at all seasons of the year."

FIVE CORN CROPS IN OHIO.—The following facts appear in the Report of the Ross County Agricultural Society, gleaned from the published statistics which were collected with much care:—In Liberty township, the whole amount of the corn crop last year, was 193,704 bushels, from 3,044 acres or at the average rate of about forty-eight bushels per acre. The best lot of corn in the township was forty acres, rated at ninety bushels per acre. The wheat averaged only ten bushels per acre, and the best lot only twenty bushels per acre.

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